

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

VOL. 8--NO. 9.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

WHOLE NO 373.

## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, O.  
TERMS.—\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance.  
\$1.75 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.  
\$2.00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent. J. HUDSON, PRINTER.

## THE BUGLE.

Elegy without Fiction.

A Sermon, Preached October 31st, 1852.

BY T. W. HIGGINS.

Minister of the Worcester Free Church.

I have said you are gods. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."  
—Isaiah, lxxviii: 17.

I have remarked to you before, that the ancient Hebrews took a dark view of death, compared with the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. There was a maxim among these last nations, that "when the Gods love, die young." But the Hebrews did not think so. They thought the chief rewards and punishments of men, consisted in the events of this life,—that an earthly death was a punishment of sin, and a long life was an honor from God. If you look through the Old Testament, you will find many illustrations of this.

Nevertheless, they must all die, sooner or later. And then, the Hebrews, with their vivid oriental imaginations, saw clearly what an event the death of a distinguished man, especially, was,—what a gap it seemed to make in the world,—what a tremendous blow it struck at earthly pride,—how instantly it transferred the power, the position, the interest, which had belonged to the most illustrious departed, from him to those left behind, inferior as those might be. "No man has power over the spirit, to retain the spirit, neither hath he any power in the day of death."

I am struck with the impressiveness of the distinction used in the text. "Ye shall die like men." Nothing more or less than that. Nothing less, for all must die—even Jesus must have died, as to the body, and then have returned to the dust. Nothing more, for what can be more? There it is. The great man yields up his spirit, and the humble man yields up his; both go to their account. Ye shall die like men, only; but ye shall fall like one of the princes; oh, there is the distinction. There is no fall to the humble man; nay, the poor, pious, ignorant, friendless, helpless, dying man, becomes somebody upon the event of death. Carriages, if he has, then follow, in procession, him who never even entered a carriage, or joined a procession, before; no fall for him, the world thinks. But the prince, the public officer, the eminent man, he before whom all men bow during life, whose mere decision could give or sentence the criminal, enact a law to free the slave, or send him back to slavery; what a change, when for him who stirred the world, there is stirred a little piece of green turf, and the turf is replaced and grows greener next year, and that is all. Here is a fall from place and power, which man, as man merely, does not have; and so it is well written, Ye shall die as men, and fall as one of the princes of the earth. Men die, and we do not notice it; the princes of the earth fall, and we hear it; the higher the tree, the crash echoes louder.

And, as when we hear a stately tree fall, we forget that trees have been growing and falling ever since the world began; so we forget the princes of the earth who have fallen one by one. There has been no monument inscription, grander than the inscription on Cleopatra's Needle, the great Egyptian Obelisk, thousands of years ago. "The glorious hero, the mighty warrior, whose actions are great upon the banner—the king of an obedient people—a man just and virtuous—beloved of the Almighty Director of the universe—who created happiness throughout his dominions. During his life, he established meetings of wise and virtuous men, in order to introduce happiness and prosperity throughout his empire. He was, therefore, exalted by the Almighty, Ruler of the third king, who, for his actions here below, was raised to immortality."

And yet, but for this crumbling stone, this Ruler would have been but one more barbarous name, on a long and tedious catalogue of kings. And as it is, perhaps that is true of this inscription, which is true of one of the sculptures of Nineveh. It is said that one of the bricks, brought from those famous ruins, besides the letters inscribed upon it, is marked with the footprints of a small vessel, that must have run over the brick before it dried; so that the records of the mighty king, and of the diminutive animal have been landed downward upon the same piece of clay, to an equal immortality, longer or shorter.

But there are sterner lessons than these.—There is no savior so bitter as the preservation of the epithets of greatness, when not only the memory of the nature, but all its visible glories are past away. It is said, that far in the Egyptian desert, the traveler comes at length, upon the solitary relics of a gigantic statue. Two vast stone feet stand fixed, forever, in the sand, and in them, his maimed and broken, a head, with crumbling features, on which a cold, laughly sneer is still apparent. And upon this relic is this carved epithet:

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings, Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."

Nothing beside remains,—and all around "the lone and level sands stretch far away," in vast, stern condemnation of this colossal vanity of vanities.

Ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes. We think less of born princes now; but among those promoted to high station, in this country, and in Europe, how many have recently been called away. It seems but a little while, since an old man, who had seen stirring times in France, in the days of Napoleon, told me, exultingly, that there was one great sovereign in Europe, Louis Philippe, and one great subject, the Duke of Wellington, and that he had grasped hands with both; and now both are departed, and that old man departed before them. Sir Robert Peel, too, is lately gone, the greatest, perhaps, of British statesmen, and showing his greatness in the true English way; by resisting reform as long as possible, and then taking it up, with no parade of virtue, or foolish pretence at consistency, and carrying it through, better than any other could have done—because, he said it was time now, and a wise statesman must meet every new question when its time had come. In this country, we have lost a President, during this administration, three Massachusetts Representatives in Congress; Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster.

I pass over the death of President Taylor, it was two years ago—a great while in the history of this country. Nay, that of Mr. Clay, idolized as he was by many, personally the most popular of his party, and for years the real leader, is already half forgotten, and seems so far away, that I had almost passed it by in my enumeration. The four Massachusetts deaths are more recent, and have followed in quick succession. Of two of these I shall not pause to speak; whatever may be the interest attending these occasions, it is merged in the more signal interest of the others; in the case of Mr. Webster, from his past position in the history of this country; in the case of Mr. Rantoul, from what would have been his future position.

I regard Mr. Rantoul, as a fair specimen of the best that a man can be, and yet be a great American statesman. I mean to imply by this, that I do not think this vocation, especially in a country like ours, to be the highest position of a man. It has been strongly said by an English writer, that to be a great statesman, requires a combination of very great and very mean qualities. I do not say this; but I do say, that to be a leading American statesman, implies an amount of compromise, to which a man of the highest order cannot consent. There is a power of occasional concession to man's baser nature, power of overlooking the means for the sake of the end; without which, no man can drive Freedom and Slavery, this sign of black and white horses, in one rein, in a right direction,—but, with which, no man of the highest order can be satisfied. I believe that Mr. Rantoul would have been, I believe, in the Democratic party, what Mr. Seward is in the Whig party;—a splendid combination of skill and power, with a minimum of compromise;—one of the pillars of Reform, of whom I once told you; without whom no ship could enter port, but with whose aid alone, no ship could ever cross the ocean.

But this is much, and cannot be spared. I am told that Mr. Rantoul was rapidly rising, by his abilities and acquisitions, to a leading place in the House of Representatives, and I do not doubt it. Nor do I doubt that he would have used the position well. He was committed, up to a certain point, to Anti-Slavery principle, and his heart was so engaged in it, I think he never recoiled from any position in which his heart and conscience were enlisted. He has failed to go forward, sometimes, but he has never went backward. He took up the Temperance cause, years ago, when it was unpopular and stoned by it. He took up the Anti-Capital Punishment movement, when it was unpopular, and got his party permanently committed to that side. These were minor tests, and he bore them well. The Anti-Slavery question was a greater test;—too great for him at first. Yet, compare his position at that point, with that of most other influential politicians, and he stood well. John G. Whittier, the bold free man, was a convert to Mr. Rantoul, held fifty years ago, in which he told him frankly, that the Anti-Slavery principles were right, and he would advocate them; but that he thought them impracticable. "But," said "if I do not do this myself, I never will denounce those who do," and so far as I know, unlike the rest of his party, he never did. He took office, and kept silence; but he did not denounce or ridicule those, whom he felt at heart to be right. In 1818, he so far sympathized with the Free Soil movement, as to say openly, that he would support its candidate, if he believed it possible to elect him. And what he has done since, you know.

Some men are sincere when they do wrong, and others sincere when they do right; I think Mr. Rantoul was of the latter class. He never professed more than he fulfilled. Some say, it was ambition, which made this last change in him. Was it so?

At the time of the Fugitive Slave case, in Boston, I had a conversation with Mr. Rantoul, which interests me to recollect. I had gone to his office on an errand for the Vigilance Committee. They were attempting to obtain the execution of a civil process upon Thomas Sims, thus to take him from the United States officers, and release him upon bail; and they wished to obtain from the Governor, the appointment of a high sheriff, who would do his duty to the Commonwealth, and serve the process, if the existing sheriff would not. Mr. Rantoul approved the proceeding, and promised his influence. This matter dismissed, he proceeded to some words about himself, having apparently been just annoyed by some fresh attacks upon him. "They say," said he, "that I am governed by ambition, in the course I am taking. Do they not know what I am sacrificing? To defend this slave case, will cost me \$10,000, in the time it takes, its interference with all

my other business, and the great loss of professional friends and patronage. Then, as to Congress, I cannot afford to give up my practice, to go to Washington, and my friends know it. They say I am ambitious for a place in Congress, when every leading Whig in my district, knows that I might have been there, years ago, if I had chosen to desert my party. If I am not acting from principle in this matter, I am acting the part of a fool, and even my opponents know that."

You must judge for yourselves how far this is exaggerated. Men exaggerate from excitement, sometimes, as well as from policy. Unquestionably, Mr. Rantoul had no equal in his district, for Statesmanlike qualities and acquisitions, and in policy, had a skill in maneuvering, which was even a drawback upon his real greatness, and, in one or two cases, upon his later usefulness to freedom. These, he might have brought to bear for the benefit of the majority in his district, if he had chosen instead of the minority. He did not, and was reserved to employ them in a better cause than that of either. I am told that no man ever made so great an impression at Washington in so short a time, and I can understand it. The House of Representatives is not a place of great men, and he had great knowledge, great readiness, great industry, no corrupt habits, and I will add, an accomplished wife who acted as his Secretary, and was acquainted with the details of all public questions in which he was interested. Though not an original thinker, he was a man of the highest eloquence, nothing could have prevented him from great public distinction, if he had lived. His anti-slavery position, such as it was, would not have been sufficient to prevent this. The want of a Northern man with Northern principles, and equal to his leadership, was supplied in him. No public station was above his reasonable ambition, if he had lived.

If he had lived! the one essential condition of all action; and the one which all men forget. "Who are ye that say, I will go to such a city and buy and sell; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." There has been no such solemn warning to ambition in our time as the death of Mr. Rantoul, if men felt such warning; but they do not. His death was felt widely, deeply, longingly, shall I say?—I dare not say. There was not much said; a great deal was felt. The streets did not go into mourning; but some hearts did. Public bodies did not express regret; some perhaps rejoiced; not that one is inconsistent with the other. We do not know, in this case, what was felt; we know not what he would have done. The Boston Bar, never backward to notice the death of its most distinguished members, made no allusion to the death of one of its most distinguished ones, who had been its District Attorney; a fact, which if remembered in conversation with him, will be remembered as a wish, a like circumstance to be, when he said he would like to see some people should ask, "Why was not Mr. Rantoul among those in the Market-place?" Then, "Why was he there?"

He died, and since then, a still sadder death has taken in men's minds, the place of his, so that even his, seems a long while ago.

In the Scripture story, it is recorded that there were two men, of whom one said, "I go, sir," but went not; and the other said, "I go, sir," but afterwards he repented and went. It has seemed to me, that Mr. Rantoul well represented the last of the two men. Will it be the verdict of posterity, that the other public officer, whose departure we are now commemorating, represented the other?

And here, let me pause to lament that indiscriminating and unmanly spirit of libelation, which holds that death should wipe out the sternness of truth, and substitute a faint falsehood in its place. I can pardon silence, concerning the memory of a saint and imperfect fellow-being, but I cannot pardon falsehood. To blame, is a serious and solemn responsibility, I know, but so it is to praise; and they should not be separated. The grave should bury personal and partisan feelings; but not moral distinctions, for they are more venerable than any man, and more precious than any personal services. Let us say nothing of the truth. Dr. Channing well said, that if a man could not bear that the truth should be told of his character, light and shadow, just as it was,—better pass it by. This alternative, we should wish for ourselves, and this we should give to another. But is too late to say nothing. The streets of this nation are full of memorials of virtue, attributed to the great departed. "The star of the world," "the sun of all human greatness," "Jesus of Nazareth" had no such epithets as these.

Speak from this unknown sphere, oh powerful but erring human spirit, and say to this libelation; Silence, or Truth!

I hardly feel free to comment, at length, upon the position and character of Mr. Webster; not because of his greatness, only; for he was a weak mortal, and what less are we? but for other reasons. Nothing is so hard, as for a person to do justice to the characters, and circumstances of those about a half century his elders. They are too near, and yet too far away. Just too near to be criticised as historical characters, for the personal feeling has not had time to subside; just too far off to be understood as contemporaries. I must leave the scales of justice in other hands, at this time, and for younger hands by and by, and say but little, and that cautiously and humbly.

Let me pass hastily over the lower standard by which Mr. Webster is to be tried; his intellectual claims as a statesman, a lawyer, and an orator. It is a maxim, that the test of a statesman, as of a general, lies not in his plans, but in his success. Tried by this standard, Mr. Webster failed. He early advocated free trade, unsuccessfully; he then advocated a tariff, under a tremendous fire of reproach for his change, and unsuccessfully; he unsuccessfully defended the U. S. Bank, and laid to pronounce it an obsolete idea. He aimed, successfully, to prevent a war with

England, on the boundary question. Was this a great success? I doubt. Is not the slave power a sufficient guarantee against a war with England, by which it has nothing to gain? It will ally itself with the lumbering spirit of the West, to conquer Mexico and Cuba, for Slavery. It will as readily ally itself with the mercantile spirit of our Eastern cities, to prevent a war which would result only in annexing Canada for freedom. It is no test of a great statesman, to induce people to do as they wish. Mr. Rantoul showed some power, when he induced the Massachusetts Democracy to go, even so far as they were gone, towards freedom, for they did not wish to do it. Mr. Webster and no other, showed great power, in preserving peace with England, for both countries desired it. This does not seem to me, therefore, a great success.

Again, Mr. Webster advocated two noble causes, perhaps the best causes he ever consistently maintained; the cause of Hungary, and the freedom of the Western lands to animal settlers. But he advocated both unsuccessfully; neither prevailed in our legislation. Finally, he had tried, irregularly and occasionally, to rouse the North for freedom; he did it unsuccessfully; he suddenly changed his ground, endeavoring to bend it to slavery, and was unsuccessful in that. He attempted to nominate him for the Presidency, was unsuccessful, and the desperate attempt to make a final declaration, in his favor, was arrested by a message sent from his death-bed. Stringent conclusions! that that message should have been signed by the hand which did sign it,—the hand that bore upon it, at Mr. Webster's bidding, the darkest stain of any in Massachusetts; the hand which signed the certificate which a year before sent back Thomas Sims, a chained slave, from the free city of Boston. I speak it in sorrow, not in anger; but history never forgets retributions like this.

Judged by success, then, he was not a great statesman. The skill and tact of the statesman, lay in the versatile brain and ready will of Clay and of others; Mr. Webster supplied his argument and his administrative skill. In the midst of the ignorance and vulgarity that have degraded our public proceedings, his vigor, knowledge, and clearness, have stood forth conspicuous, and helped to keep up the intellectual standard of our statesmanship. His State papers and utterances, although, his one singular mistake about the discovery of the Lotos Islands would have embroiled the administrative reputation of a lesser man;—were models in their kind, and probably unequalled in this generation.

There is but one way in which a statesman can hope to obtain permanent reputation, except by success, and that is, to be a success. Tried by this test, also, Mr. Webster failed. Inconsistent on the tariff, inconsistent on the Bank, his growing inconsistency was on the one great question of the day—Slavery. His two great aims were here and found wanting. He changed his position three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and speaking only the language of the intellect, posterity will say of him, as Napoleon said, "It was not a crime, it was a blunder." There is not a shadow of question that Mr. Webster was, at one period, very near to identifying himself with the Anti-Slavery agitation. Nay, long before he declared the want of a North in Congress (the most serious thing ever said by Northern men there), he seemed to hold this position. For, I have it from reliable authority, that years ago, during a contested election in the old Third District, when John G. Whittier was the Liberty candidate, Mr. Webster, in a conversation at Lowell, advised some of his friends to support him, with this expressive addition, "It is the ground we have all got to come to, sooner or later." Who can tell the consequences, had he come to it then? He failed, and lived to exhibit that which Lord John Russell pronounced to be the one thing worse than the want of Reform, its melancholy result.

As a lawyer, I cannot of course speak of him, but by reputation. Yet the law in his hands was more than it seems in those of many great lawyers; it seemed to be with him a study of principles as well as precedents, and his speeches belong to literature, at least, if not to philosophy. There is a remarkable felicity of handling shown in them, and an attraction is thrown around the subjects least familiar to popular interest. A remarkable instance of this, was his argument in the late India rubber case; one of the few legal arguments not involving a human life or a moral principle, which the general reader pursues with unflagging interest, through the mere brilliancy and vigor of the statement.

But it takes a rare fascination, rarer than that to carry such speeches, or speeches on greater occasions, down to the next generation, and where one asks in calm reflection, will Mr. Webster's addresses be permanently read, the answer remains uncertain. I suppose that no department of literature, not even sermons, are so swiftly left behind, as speeches. Written for the ear, not the eye, they pass away with the audience that heard them; even the printing press cannot save them. To write it once for the ear and eye is the rarest of all gifts. To have at the same time the power of original thought, and the power to condense that thought into a form of absolute, permanent beauty, is the rarest of all combinations, and yet posterity will accept nothing less. Many men have moments of inspiration; snapshots of their high thoughts are murmured into music and remembered; but who are those whose eloquence has habitually this perfect power? I can think of but two such voices, which this country and generation has heard; there is Kosuth, and there is Wendell Phillips. I can hardly hope that any other contemporary eloquence will be long remembered, and I am not sure even of theirs.

Mr. Webster's personal appearance was the most remarkable which this generation has looked upon; his mere presence was an oration. But these things cannot be com-

memorated, and their record fades. Only genius lives and genius concentrated to highest aims. Thought and beauty; these are remembered in literature;—the philosopher and the poet—and so far as the orator is either of these, he is remembered, and no farther. Plato and Homer these are read; they are as great facts in memory as in their lives;—Demosthenes is a far off echo only. I think the writings of Webster will stand by those of Fisher Ames, and Hamilton, and John Adams, in libraries; but the smallest contribution from a deep original thinker, is not left to stand in libraries; it becomes a part of the current thought and language of men. The pages of Emerson, for instance, are strewed with statements of absolute truth, stretching into the very core of society, and the very life of man's soul; these are what make up permanent literature; the most magnificent contemporary reputation cannot save writings which do not contain this one priceless ore. There is a terrible insecurity in the contemporary judgments of men, and as formidable an insecurity in their final decisions. Shakespeare, the one intellectual prodigy of the world, and whom the best intellects of the world exhaust themselves in criticizing, was not even enumerated among the men of his time, by Lord Bacon, who took the census of his attainments. And Milton stands recorded by contemporaries as "a tedious old blind pedant," and again as "the blind bard who spelt his venom on the King's sacred person." What hope, after this, can any contemporary judgments of ours have, that they will stand as the permanent voice of humanity? We must hazard them as guesses, and so leave them.

Moreover, all this is intellectual criticism—only that; and now that it has been spoken, let it be set aside again; let it go for nothing; let us pass to other things. Let the idol expand again to its former size; still, the stern question remains. Is it an idol, or is it a God? Grant all that can be claimed of intellectual power, however extravagant; still remains the question: What is the value of it all? Bacon was called wisest, brightest, noblest, of mankind; perhaps it was not true of him; but the confirmation might be possible. Is greatness of intellect the greatest greatness? Can it cover the charge of selfish ambition? Can it cover the sudden change from a love of freedom, flickering indeed, but sincere, to a blind, servile, concentration of all faculties in opposing the cause of freedom? Can it cover private vices—charges so often made, that it would be virtual falsehood not to allude to them—of intemperance, licentiousness, bribery, pecuniary intrusiveness? Charges like these cannot be ignored; they must be met. When the subdued, dissatisfied voice of the world makes them, it is not enough for us, a younger race, to whom you hold up this strong man as an angel—it is not enough to ignore them. We cannot prove them all, perhaps; or if we could, have no desire to do so now; but they cast a shadow across the flame of your praise, which will not move away. Surely, an American statesman, like Cass's wife of old, should not even be suspected. All are not suspected. Mr. Calhoun passed through an eventful life, changed his party, sustained the worst cause ever sustained by a public man in this country, and yet no breath of suspicion was ever lifted against him upon such charges. Why is it otherwise here? I would not speak of these things, did not others speak and omit them; but I have a right to ask, in the name of every young man of this nation, who wishes to lead a noble life; in the name of truth, and purity, and mankind; how is it that you dare to hold an idol like this for us, that we, in our hour of greatest need, may go to it, and find it only clay.

I may be wrong, but I have always believed that the most solemn warning ever given to the young men of this nation, as to the impossibility of combining private sin with public virtue, has been the career of Mr. Webster. I believe that his personal faults and expenditures have been the weight that kept him down according to the great work of a true American statesman, and finally dragged him down to earth, on that disastrous March day. A man cannot be impure and sensual, without corrupting his moral nature, and avoid becoming dependent, (if he be in public life) on the favor of the rich and powerful. Could Mr. Webster have freed himself from these—have ceased to need "the optimists and quakers," he would have ceased to do their bidding; but this, only a change in the habit of years could have effected. If he could have done this, the really noble qualities which were always, perhaps, first in his large nature, would have been free to do as the tallion sours, when the weights are cut away which hold it; keep them meat, and the great machine, half rotted, rolls restlessly and unsway from side to side, and then collapses, despairing; and the crowd can only say: What an enormous man this might have been! Might have been! The saddest of all epitaphs.

Not anger, not sarcasm, no petty criticism, is need for an occasion like this; nay, the time has long passed when it was fitting. The true tragedy of Daniel Webster was at its crisis, long months ago; they who had tears, should have prepared them then—not now; this is only the end of the epilogue, which comes after the tragedy. Whether struck the key note of the voice of Massachusetts and of posterity, long since, in that wonderful poem, which may yet be remembered longer than its subject:—

Rebuke him not—the Tempter hath A snare for all; And plying tears, not scorn and wrath, Be it his fall! O! dumb be passion's stormy rage, When he who might Have fought up and led his age, Falls back in night. Let not the land, once proud of him, Laugh him now,

Nor brand with deeper shame, his dim Dash nerved brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead, From sea to lake, A long lament, as for the dead, In sadness make.

Then pay the reverence of old days To his dead form; Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide the shame.

Young men who hear me—do not let them deceive you. A great man has fallen; but his greatest fall was long ago. The land seems filled with mourning; but so it has publicly mourned within our memory, for Harrison, for Adams, for Taylor, for Clay. Soon shall these mournful inscriptions be laid aside; the black crape and cloth be folded away for other purposes, or be sold perhaps to the highest bidder. The tide of life is very swift, and will chase again over the sorrow for Webster; and the grand sculpture by Powers, be the best remembrance of that greatness. Men will be absorbed in their own achievements and sins, and forget life. No, they will not forget all that he did which was well done; time will unerringly select it out, and build it into the young life of the nation; and who knows but that strong spirit purified gradually from its errors, may yet watch beside this world, permitted to help the operation of all the influence it exerted here for good, and counteract some of the evil. Who knows but it was the better nature, still struggling in that great misdeed and which exhaled, "I yet live," in those dying hours; in answer to a voice like that which spoke to Moses, when he too departed ere entering the Promised Land, and said unto him, "Come up higher?"

From the Christian Press.  
Description of a Fugitive Slave Law Court, by Edmund Burke.

In the celebrated speech of Edmund Burke in the British Parliament on "Constitution with America" occurs this passage, in speaking of the Courts of Admiralty.

"Courts unconsciously situated, in effect deny justice; and a court partaking in the fruits of its own condemnation, is a robber." It would almost seem that Burke must have had a prophetic eye on the extraordinary tribunal created by the Fugitive Slave act of 1850. He said that the courts of which the British order made this declaration, would have been the models after which the others were framed. Both parts of the description are true. The unconstitutional tribunal of the slave-catching commissioner is often far from the home of the fugitive. In the midst of strangers he finds it impossible to establish his freedom, although he may have abundant evidence of the fact. Most of the cases tried under the Fugitive act illustrate this point.

But the latter clause of the description is most life-like. "A court partaking in the fruits of its own condemnation, is a robber." Did Burke have in his prophetic eye the justice five dollar bribe, offered the Commissioner before him to decide him to decide against the freedom of his fellow-men?

"The Congress of America," continues Burke's complaint, and complain justly, of this grievance. Could the mind of this eloquent statesman have known that in three-fourths of a century this same Congress would themselves enact into this very grievance in its most offensive form, it would have pallid his tongue, and caused him in shame to hide his face, for raising his voice in defense of such claims. Could his opponents, in the great struggle on the American question, have foreseen that in seventy-four years this same American Congress would establish all over their territory petty, irresponsible and unconstitutional courts, "stealing in the fruits of their own condemnation"; and that men in the free states would boast of their agency in enacting this iniquity, such a scathing laugh of scorn would have rung through the halls of Parliament as would have silenced the thousands of America into utter silence. Alas, how are the mighty fallen! The very wrongs which the American Congress rose to resist, are now enacted into law, by their degenerate posterity of the second generation. The strength of the colonies was in the justice of their cause, lying in their independence, and the same nobility of which they complained in British courts, they have introduced the same element of weakness by which Britain failed in her struggle against American independence.

"Lost his Balance."

A correspondent of *The Springfield Mirror* says: "Some twelve years since, while practicing medicine in Massachusetts, I was requested to visit professionally the family of Rev. Dr. H., residing in a neighboring town. I found himself and wife in a fixed consumption, and attended them until their death. I found the Doctor a very sociable and pleasant man, but exceedingly afraid of Abolitionists. He used to say, when Pastor of the Church in Cazenovia, to be much acquainted with Gerrit Smith, and much pleased with him. But, said he, he has become an Abolitionist, and I fear, lost his balance, and where he will end I know not."

In course of time, the father and mother both died. Some after, the oldest daughter received a letter, saying: "You do not remember me, but I do you, a little girl, when I used to visit at your father's. I was by the bedside of both your parents as they died. I sympathized with you in your great loss. As an elegyman are not accustomed to account to many properties, it has occurred to me that the enclosed One Hundred Dollars will pay for the use of you, which please accept from your father's friend. GEORGE SMITH." I was particularly interested in this letter, and I could but think that however much Mr. Smith's abolitionism had destroyed his balance which, it had not prevented his remembering the orphan children of his former friend. D.